

The Maidens Nay, Or, I love not you.

To a pleasant new Tug.



I spied a Nymph trip o'er the plain,
I lov'd to her, she turned again,
I woo'd her as a young man should do,
but her answer was, Sir, I love not you.

This is the pleasant spaying time,
This is the pleasant golden prime,
But age will come and make you to rue,
that e're you said, sir, I love not you.

I thought she seemed in every part
So lovely fram'd by Nature's Art,
Her beauty soon allured me to woo,
but her answer was, sir, I love not you.

O do not thou my suit disdain,
Nor make me spend my time in vain,
But kindly grant a Lovers due:
yet still she said, sir, I love not you.

I told her all the ^{sweet} of love,
And whatsoever her mind might move,
To entertain a Lover true,
but her answer was, sir, I love not you.

Fair Nymph, quoth I, but grant me this,
To enrich my lips with one poor kiss,
which I grant but few,
I grant you this, I love not you.
yet still she said, sir, -

I told her how I would her deck,
Her head with gold, with pearls her neck
She gave a frown, and away she flew,
but her answer was, sir, I love not you.

The young man proffering then to depart
It griev'd this Maiden then to the heart:
For hating him, O then did she rue,
that e're she said, Sir, I love not you.

Not me (sweet heart) O tell me why:
Thou should'st my proffered love deny:
To whom my heart I have vowed so true,
but her answer was, sir, I love not you.

Wherefore with speed she thought it best,
To stop him by her kind request:
Whose courtesy thus had caus'd her to rue,
that e're she said, Sir, I love not you.

O sweet and dearest love, quoth I,
Art thou resolv'd a Maid to be:
Of such a mind I know but few,
but her answer was, sir, I love not you.

But now at last she did begin
Which gentle words to lure him in:
The second part shall plainly shew,
she chang'd her note of, I love not you.

45.
6. 28.
68.

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The second part to the same Tune.



Kind sir, quoth she, what needs this haste, On thee my love is fixed fast,
 With that a smile on him she cast, On thee my love is firmly plac'd,
 Shame curb'd her long, but affection dyed these words, I love no man but you. For thee I le bid the world adieu,
 you will I love, Sir, and none but you.

I feel the force of Cupids dart
 So deep hath pierc'd my tender heart :
 Believe me then for my words are true,
 you will I love, sir, and none but you.

If Hero should Leander leave,
 Fair Lucrece Collatine deceive,
 Or Syrinx prove to Pan untrue,
 yet I love you, Sir, and none but you.

Do not deem my proffered love,
 Nor think that I the wanton prove :
 Though women seldom use to wooe,
 yet I will love, Sir, and none but you.

Object no former top reply,
 Suspect no future constancy :
 Accept my love as a tribute due
 onely to you, Sir, and to none but you.

When women love they will it hide,
 Until their Lober they have try'd :
 Though I say nay, as maidens do,
 you will I love, Sir, and none but you.

The young man noting well her words,
 This courteous answer then affords :
 Give me thy hand, take mine in lieu :
 my love I grant here, and so do you.

Here is, quoth she, my heart and hand,
 My constant love thou shalt command :
 And I do vow to be ever true,
 you will I love, sir, and none but you.

To Church with speed then let us hie,
 In marriage bands our selves to tie :
 Where in exchanging hands and hearts,
 I'll love thee dearly till death us parts.

Whilst golden Trian both display
 His beams unto the chearful day,
 Whilst Spring the Winter both ensue,
 you will I love, Sir, and none but you.

Mark well my Song you maidens top,
 That count true love a foolish top :
 Do not disdain when young men wooe,
 but love them freely as they love you.

FINIS.

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